



Home's Home

Sung by Mr. DIBDIN.

I'VE thought, and I've said it, since I were a boy,
That what folk get a day they never enjoy,
Why I was the same, at what's home'y I'd scoff,
But how fine if it c'med good many miles off.
So big with this fancy, tho' but a poor clown,
I hied me a way for to see the great town,
Where they push'd me and throng'd me all one as a
far.

Then they'd utter an) snigger and laugh, then I'd
swear,

Why bunk'n did it e'er see such finery as this in
your place?

Cry'd a monkey in trowsers; why yes, you'd your
joke

Master Coxcomb, and now I'll have mine—I've
teen peacock,

And go dunches ten times as fine.

So I let Master Whiffle, and whiffled along,

Then humm'd to myself the sag end of a song.

C H O R U S.

The good that we wish for mayn't make what we've
got,

Their minds are their Kingdom who're pleas'd with
their lo,

And to wha ever place disconsolate folk roam,

At last they'll be forc'd to say this of their home,

Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely,

And, d— it, home's home, be it ever so homely.

So since for strange sights I to town took my range,
Faith I zeed sights in plenty, and all of them strange,
I zeed folks roll in riches that pleasure ne'er knew,
I zeed honest poverty rich as a Jew;

Time and oft dress'd lamb-fashion, I zeed an o'd ewe,
I zeed madam's monkey as smart as a beau;

I zeed beauty and virtue that never knew shame,

And I zeed vice cas'd under modesty's name;

I zeed a fine head dress worth more than the head,

I zeed folks with their brains out before they were
bad,

I zeed rogues of their knavery making ther brags,

And I zeed fools in coaches and merit in rags,

And still through the croud as I whist'd along,

I humm'd to myself the sag end of a song.

But what zicken'd me most was one day in the
Park,

As the guns were all firing a queer looking spark,

Cry'd, what nonsense and stuff, with their fus and
parade,

Stuff and nonsense, said I, O what's that you said,

Why they fire for victory, and you have you choice

To go home, or with all honest subjects rejoice;

Mighty well, cry'd my spark, but a word in your ear,

The affair of the nation are cursedly queer,

Nay tis t ue; we're done up, twill be seen by and by;

How much did they give you to catch me? said I,

The country's a good one, all good men perceive it,

And they that don't like it, why don't they then
leave it;

So I left my queer spark and went whistling along,

Then I humm'd to myself the sag end of a song.